Library of the
PACIFIC UNITARIAN SCHOOL
FOR THE MINISTRY
Berkeley, California

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. XXI. NOVEMBER, 1912. No. 6

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY, EXCEPT AUGUST: 50 cents a year.
Single copy, 5 cents.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second class mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

CONTENTS FOR NO. 6.

THE LORD IS MY PORTION 61
GROWING OLD 62
THE STILL HOUR 63
A TRIBUTE TO MISS LOUISE HOWE 63
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB 64
THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL:—
CHEERFUL READING MATTER FOR CHILDREN . 65
NATURAL HISTORY:—
THE BIRDS' "CONEY ISLAND" 66
NOBLE LIVES, VII.:—
OCTAVIA HILL 67
WHY GO TO CHURCH? 69
WINTER BOUGHS 70
HOW A BEAUTIFUL HYMN WAS WRITTEN 70
A CHIVALROUS DOG 70
THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN 70
THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE 72
IMPORTANT NOTICES 72

THE LORD IS MY PORTION.

My heart is resting, O my God,—
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.
Now the frail vessel thou hast made
No hand but thine shall fill;
For the waters of the earth have failed,
And I am thirsty still.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of thy love,
And close at hand it lies.
And a new song is in my mouth
To long-loved music set,—
Glory to thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.

Glory to thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known,
And the fear that sends me to thy breast
For what is most my own.
I have a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see;
But the hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.

There is a certainty of love
That sets my heart at rest,—
A calm assurance for to-day
That to be poor is best,—
A prayer reposing on his truth
Who hath made all things mine,
That draws my captive will to thee,
And makes it one with thine.

I will give thanks for suffering now,
For want and toil and loss,
For the death that sin makes hard and slow
Upon my Saviour's cross.
Thanks for the little spring of love
That gives me strength to say,
If they will leave me part in him,
Let all things pass away.

Sometimes I long for promised bliss,
But it will not come too late,
And the songs of patient spirits rise
From the place wherein I wait;
While in the faith that makes no haste
My soul has time to see
A kneeling host of thy redeemed
In fellowship with me.

There is a multitude around
Responsive to my prayer;
I hear the voice of my desire
Resounding everywhere.
But the earnest of eternal joy
In every prayer I trace;
I see the glory of the Lord
On every chastened face.

How oft, in still communion known,
Those spirits have been sent
To share the travail of my soul
Or show me what is meant!
And I long to do some work of love
No spoiling hand could touch,
For the poor and suffering of thy flock
Who comfort me so much.

But the yearning thought is mingled now
With the thankful song I sing;
For thy people know the secret source
Of every precious thing.
The heart that ministers for thee
In thy own work will rest;
And the subject spirit of a child
Can serve thy children best.

Mine be the reverent, listening love
That waits all day on thee;
With the service of a watchful heart
Which no one else can see,—

The faith that in a hidden way
No other eye may know,
Finds all its daily work prepared,
And loves to have it so.

My heart is resting, O my God,
My heart is in thy care;
I hear the voice of joy and health
Resounding everywhere.
"Thou art my portion, saith my soul,"
Ten thousand voices say;
And the music of their glad Amen
Will never die away.

—*Anna L. Waring.*

GROWING OLD.

No stage of human life into which Nature conducts us by a regular and universal course can ever be regarded as an evil. Neither can it be destitute of advantages and enjoyments, if one lives in obedience to the laws of one's being. Cicero tells us in his "De Senectute," written nearly a hundred years before Christ, that "only those who have no resources of happiness within themselves are uneasy in any stage of life, and that this is peculiarly the case with respect to old age."

It cannot be denied that it is commonly regarded a misfortune to grow old. Solomon called old age "the evil days, when we shall say we have no pleasure in them." Dr. Johnson declared that "old age had brought him naught but decrepitude." Carlyle's stern and sad life deepened into a cheerless, starless evening, and went out in a night of gloom. But history abounds in illustrations of contented and charming old age, and we have them with us, glorifying life, to-day. Cicero said: "I have well-nigh finished the race, and perceive in myself, with much satisfaction, a ripeness for death. I look on my departure, not as being driven from the world, but as leaving an inn." Dr. Arnold says: "Old age is the holy place of life, the chapel of ease from weary labor." Another calls it "the Sabbath of a lifetime—the rest that precedes the rest that remains." Dr. Holmes, Whittier, Longfellow, Emerson, Mrs. Hemenway, Mrs. Claflin, and others were living illustrations of an old age which was a glorious consummation of their true, useful, unselfish, and long lives.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap"; and the old age of any person will be the result of the life he has lived. The whole record of our lives is laid up within us. What we *are* at fifty, sixty, seventy, and upward is what we *have been* previous to that age. Whoever would have a happy and lovely old age must prepare for it, as, whatever the old age may be, it is the certain result of a lifetime. There must be a physical preparation for it, for good health is essential to successful and happy living all the way through. Sick people form a part of the waste and burden of daily life, tightening the brakes on the progress of friends and kindred and adding to the weight of the millstone about their necks.

No virtue is more excellent in an aged person than cheerfulness, and old age without it is "a Lapland winter without a sun." It is a trait of character requiring cultivation, for there is much in life that militates against it. Fretfulness and despondency are very common faults of persons who have got beyond their youth. "The world would be better and brighter," says Lord Avebury, "if people were taught *the duty of being happy*, as well as the happiness of doing our duty. To be happy ourselves is a most effectual contribution to the happiness of others."

To have constant occupation to the end of life is a great help to cheerfulness, as well as a great blessing. "I have lived long enough," said Dr. Adam Clarke, "to learn that the secret of happiness is never to allow one's energies to stagnate." And bodily and mental decay are both retarded, even in old age, by the constant, but not excessive, exercise of our powers. Michael Angelo at the age of eighty-three wrote exquisite sonnets, and made drawings, plans, and models for use in architecture and sculpture. Handel at seventy-five produced oratorios and anthems. Haydn composed "The Creation" at sixty-five, and at seventy-seven was moved to tears of joy by its harmonies when he heard it performed at a concert. Linnæus was still a devoted botanist at seventy-seven, and exclaimed, "I am happier in my work than the King of Persia!" Humboldt kept young to ninety in scientific studies and publishing the results of his investigations. Mary Somerville, Caroline Herschel, and Maria Mitchell ceased not from their labors, though the dusty years lengthened behind them, and they halted only when the gate of death swung outward for their passage to a larger life.

But to work and live only for one's self will by no means promote one's happiness. On the contrary, it is sometimes a fruitful source of intensest misery. The secret of many a joyless life, which has gone out in bitterness, insanity, or suicide, may be found in the selfishness which dominated it from its beginning to its close. Only that work which is done wisely and lovingly for others is rewarded with perennial joy. For that is to live in love, which is to live in God. And to live in love is to live in everlasting youth.

Whoever shall enter old age by this royal

road will find the last of life to be the very best of life. The fever of life is over with the aged. They do not fear the world, for they have learned how rightly to estimate it. They do not lament the days that are gone, nor the pleasures that have departed, for they know a grander to-morrow awaits them than has ever dawned upon their vision. They have mastered the tasks assigned them in this first school of the soul, and are awaiting their promotion to wiser teachers and nobler studies. Like the poet Whittier, they "reason from blessings seen, to greater, out of sight," and abide in the conviction that death is but a circumstance in a life that is unbroken, and that the soul survives the change unharmed. And so, with calm sereneness, they await their inevitable turn to pass out into "that other chamber of the King, larger than this and lovelier."—*Mary A. Livermore, in Woman's Journal.*

THE STILL HOUR.

THE SECRET.

Just to leave in His dear hand
Little things,
All we cannot understand,
All that stings;
Just to let Him take the care
Sorely pressing,
Finding all we let Him bear
Changed to blessing;
This is all, and yet the way
Marked by Him who loves thee best,
Secret of a happy day,
Secret of His promised rest.

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

There are souls in the world who have the gift of finding joy everywhere, and of leaving it behind them when they go. Joy gushes from under their fingers like jets of light. Their influence is an inevitable gladdening of the heart. It seems as if a shadow of God's own gift had passed upon them. They give light without meaning to shine. These bright hearts have a great work to do for God.—*Faber.*

When you have learned, through your soul's deep experience, that the indwelling Spirit is the source of all true living and high service, Nature, which now seems to you a vast machine, will be transfigured into the shining vesture of the Eternal; and the inner chambers of your soul, ever open to the celestial sunrise, shall be filled with its unclouded peace.—*Light on the Hidden Way.*

If you wish to behold God, you may see him in every object around: search in your breast, and you will find him there. And, if you do not yet perceive where he dwells, confute me, if you can, and say where he is not.—*Metastasio.*

Old age brings us to know the value of the blessings which we have enjoyed, and it brings us also to a very thankful perception of those which yet remain. Is a man advanced in life? The ease of a single day, the rest of a single night, are gifts which may be subjects of gratitude to God.—*Paley.*

Salvation lies in being one with Christ, even as the branch is one with the vine. Any salvation short of God is no salvation at all. What moment a man feels that he belongs to God utterly, the *atonement* is *there*, the Son of God is reaping his harvest. *G. MacDonald.*

A TRIBUTE TO MISS LOUISE HOWE.

Many of our members will be grieved to hear of the death of Miss Louise Howe. Miss Howe was the treasurer of the Cheerful Letter Exchange for many years, and perhaps only those who came into direct relations with her knew the value of her work. Miss Howe was so modest that her friends alone could appreciate the fidelity and thoroughness of all that she did.

But she was a great deal more than a perfect treasurer, although it is not everybody that can fill that office. She aided the work in more ways than can now be recorded. It seemed as if she never lost an opportunity of doing something to help the work forward. She kept in relation with many of the shut-in members, and had a most accurate knowledge of the subscribers to the paper and of those who received it free of charge. In her own branch she chiefly carried on the important work of providing Bibles with good print. This was done in co-operation with the Bible Society (which was one of the pleasant features of our work), and was in response to most pathetic appeals from aged and invalid persons for "a Bible with good print that I can read."

The thought of what she has been will always remain with us, and her name be held in grateful and affectionate remembrance.

L. F. C.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests to be printed in this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 60 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

OFFERS.

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Miss M. A. Vinal, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass.:—

For Young People.

"How to Speak and Write English Correctly"; "Seaside and Wayside"; "The World at Home"; "The World and its People"; "Fables and Folk Songs"; "Rhymes for Real Children"; "Mother-Play and Nursery Songs"; Jingles and Joys"; "One Summer Day"; "Easy Stories."

Miscellaneous.

"A Festival of Song" (illustrated); "Hopes and Fears," C. M. Yonge; "Spare Hours"; "My Study Window," Lowell; "Philip English's Two Cups"; "The Programme of Christianity," Drummond; "A Winter in India"; "Jewish Artizan Life"; "Chronicles of the Cid"; "The Mystery of Pain," Hinton; "Helps by the Way"; "Clever Betsy"; "Great Italian and French Composers"; Macaulay's "Addison"; "History of Socialism," Kirkup; *Atlantic Monthly; Scribner's; Munsey*, 1911; *Babyhood.*

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. Miss Virlla Swann, Sprott, Alabama, a shut-in for eighteen years, will be glad of any reading, especially *Young People's Weekly* and Sabbath reading.

2. Miss Rosa Martin, Critz, Virginia, R. F. D. 1, a young woman with an invalid father, asks for suitable reading.

3. Mrs. Bessie Hensley, Pedlar Mills, Virginia, asks for "The Minister's Wooing" and "The Wide, Wide World."

4. I am a teacher of the primary grades in the High School here, and need a great many things in my work that I do not feel able to buy. Can you help me get some primary papers, story books, etc.? Old books or papers would be acceptable. I have five children of my own, and am teaching to educate them. Mrs. W. M. Peele, Aulander, North Carolina.

5. Mrs. Urlyne P. Savage, 18 Auburn Street, Opilika, Alabama, a helpless invalid, asks for *Good Housekeeping* or *Ladies' Home Journal.*

6. Will you please send me some books, papers, or magazines? I shall be very grateful for any reading matter, as I am not able to buy much, and I often want some. Mrs. L. C. Green, 839 Branch Street, Rocky Mount, North Carolina.

7. "Ten Nights in a Bar-room" is asked for by Mrs. Annie Joyce, R. F. D. 1, Price, North Carolina.

8. Enclosed please find a recommendation from Mrs. W. F. Galloway, Swepsonville, North Carolina. My husband is an evangelist in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and we give away many tracts and books in our work. If you can furnish us with some literature, we shall be glad to receive it. Mrs. Zeb B. Pyatt, 105 Oak Street, Goldsboro, North Carolina.

9. Miss Sue Proctor, Bowling Green, Kentucky, will be glad to receive current numbers of the *Christian Register.*

10. Mrs. Susie Thompson, Dellvale, Kansas, R. 1, Box 22, will be glad of Smith's "Arithmetic," Marsh's "Algebra," Gilbert's "Physical Geography," Foster's "History of the United States," Arnold's "Civics," and Shakespeare's Works.

11. Miss Maud Allen, Ferozepore, Punjab, India, writes: "The little paper, *Cheerful Letter*, is now coming. I hope to have a good winter. Am expecting an English nurse and a new operating-room. It is a grand work, and I thank God daily for the privilege he has given me."

12. Anything on the line of New Thought will be gladly received by Mrs. C. B. Merrick, 172 Main Street, Haverhill, Mass.

DIED.

Miss Vivian Gann, Sandy Ridge, North Carolina.

We are glad to hear that a new Branch has been formed at San Antonio, Texas. We wish our new sister much success. There are only two Branches in Texas, and there is a wide field for this interesting and important work.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

CHEERFUL READING MATTER FOR CHILDREN.

Most parents are careful to keep out of the way of their children any books that have an immoral tendency. In some cases the daily papers are with advantage forbidden reading. But I do not think it is fully appreciated by grown persons that a great deal of suffering may be caused to a child by poems or stories which contain pictures of suffering or cruelty.

A history of some personal experiences may here be suggestive and not out of place.

When I was a child of four years old, I began to go to school. I learned to read very easily, and was fond of reading almost anything that came in my way. A little girl, somewhat older than myself, one of my schoolmates, lent me a book one day, which in fact was her regular "Reader," used constantly at the school. Unfortunately for me, I blundered upon a little poem describing the sufferings of a mother-bird. It was intended, no doubt, as a lesson to the naughty boys who rob bird's-nests, but should never have been allowed to fall into the hands of a tender-hearted little girl. I remember it began:—

"A little bird built a warm nest in a tree,
And laid some blue eggs in it, one, two, and three,
And then very glad and delighted was she.

And after a while, but how long I can't tell,
The little birds crept one by one from the shell,
And the mother was pleased, for she loved them right well."

The story goes on to narrate that the father-bird employed himself in bringing food to the mother as she brooded over the young birds, but one day was shot and killed by some cruel men, and the poor little mother waited and watched for him in vain, until, driven by hunger, she left her nest to seek for food, and in her absence the nest was stolen by some naughty boys. The verses end with this line:—

"She mourned a long time, and then lay down and died."

I have seen Ristori in "Medea"; I have heard Fanny Kemble read "King Lear"; I have seen the great German actor, Dawison in "Othello"; but nothing ever caused me such an anguish of pity as the tragedy of the mother-bird. With tears and sobs I gave the book back to its owner, saying, "I never, *never* want to see that book again!"

When I was seven years old, I read "Jane Eyre." It must not be supposed that my parents kept no supervision of my reading. Sometimes they told me not to read a book, and that book I never opened. I do not remember even wishing to read a book that had been forbidden. But I had not quite sense enough to know that there might be a book which my father and mother would have told me not to read if they had known that it would attract me, and that thus it would have been better for me to ask leave before reading any book. I thought myself at liberty to read anything *not* forbidden, and thus I happened upon "Jane Eyre." The graphic description of the insane woman, especially in the scene where she comes into Jane's room at night, and Jane, awaking, sees this frightful face bending over her, terrified me so much that it was weeks, perhaps months, before I recovered from the effect produced on my imagination. Night after night I lay suffering, with the image of this hideous face always before me, trying to think of some excuse for calling my mother and father to my aid. Yet with the strange reticence of childhood I never spoke to them of what I was enduring, and at last the impression must have faded away. Many years afterward I asked my mother why she had not told me not to read "Jane Eyre." She said they never dreamed for a moment of my reading that book. Of course the parts that are considered immoral did not affect me in the least, for I was too young to understand them.

The next thing that occurs to me is akin to the first experience. I happened to read the poem that begins:—

"I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn."

I forget whether it was before or after the "Jane Eyre" episode, but I could not have been much older than I was at that time. To this day when I see that poem in a collection, I turn the page quickly that I may not be harrowed by the heart-wringing lines:—

"How long did'st thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start?
How many long days and long nights did'st thou number,
E'er he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?"

In ancient Greece a poet once produced a tragedy which caused the spectators so much suffering that the author was punished

by a heavy fine. I have felt some sympathy with those Greeks, for it seems to me as if poets had hardly a right to inflict such pain upon their readers.

The last, and perhaps the worst, experience of all was from a book of a quite different type from any I have mentioned, and the scene to which I refer I blundered upon unexpectedly without any preparation. When I was about nine or ten years old, I read William Ware's "Zenobia." I enjoyed this book very much, in spite of my indignation against Aurelian; for I did not see then, any more than I can see now, what right he had to attack Palmyra and carry away Zenobia captive. Finding that there was a sequel to "Zenobia," called "Probus," I naturally proceeded to read that too. Here I came unexpectedly on the frightful scene of the torture of one of the Christian martyrs. Of course no child ought ever to read such a story, and I have never forgotten how for hours afterward I sat crying and shivering with horror.

Some children may suffer more than others from narrations of pain and cruelty, but in childhood the imagination is so vivid, and the ignorance of life so complete that the first time these facts are forced upon them they strike the heart and mind with terrible force. I would put in a plea, therefore, to all mothers who read the *Cheerful Letter* to watch carefully what their children are reading.

L. F. C.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Birds' "Coney Island."

(Continued from October number.)

THE TAMENESS OF THE FLOCKS.

But the great joy of the place is in its shore birds and their tameness. Only a beach separates the pond from the sea. Along this the prohibitory fence goes, and all along grow loosestrife, little willows, poplars, and bayberry bushes, goldenrod, tansy, evening primrose, yarrow, everlasting, beach-pea, and toadflax. It is an odorous and beautiful hedge, and it affords excellent shelter for stalking the throngs of little birds that alternate between the pond margin and the beach. At high tide they seem all to flock into the fresh water. There they wash the salt spray from their feathers and legs, and feed, rest, or fight. It may be different on other days, but always, when I have been there, it has been the semi-palmated sandpipers who have fought. They are such sleek little, holy-looking, gray and white birds that it is astonishing to see them dash at one another and peck and pull feathers, but they do it most viciously, and tiny, downy feathers scattered about are the result. The ring-necks—semi-palmated plover—look on at this benignly, so it is to be believed that semi-palmation is not the cause of it all.

One day I saw a willet, stilt-legged and sixteen inches long, stalking grandly among these, a veritable brobdingnagian among the little folk. He looked a gray fairy-tale bird beside the other sandpipers. The willet rarely breeds north of New Jersey, so I fancy this bird to have been on a little excursion north for the summer, rather than on a real migration. He is not a common bird here, but an obliging summer yellow-legs, of whose identity there could be no doubt, stood beside him to give a measure for his length, and, when he flew, the white secondaries, conspicuous in flight, gave no doubt of his identity. The willet should have plenty of time for excursions, for his migrating range is very small, as he winters in the Southern States. His splendid long wings should give him a far greater range.

SPEED AND ENDURANCE COMBINED.

Dowitchers should be seen here in plenty, and knots, though I confess that my two excursions this year have failed to produce either, though other visitors have been more fortunate. The knot is a migrant for you! The bird breeds so near the pole that only Lieutenant Greely, the arctic explorer, has seen the nest of one. Its young are so eager to be on their way south that they have been seen two thousand miles from their birthplace with the nestling down still clinging to them. And some of them before the southern journey is complete go from Grinnell Land to Patagonia, and that is a matter of fourteen thousand miles. We find the knots dropping into Clark's Pond on the way, to rest and feed, perhaps at a thousand other points of the journey as well; but some shore birds do not take time for any such frivolities. Herr Gatke, who observed the migration of birds for fifty years on the island of Heligoland in Northern Europe, proved that the Northern blue-throat, a ground-haunting bird of little flight at ordinary times, during its spring migration flies from its winter home in the Nile district to Heligoland, sixteen hundred miles, in one flight, doing it in the nine hours between dusk and dawn. That is at the rate of one hundred and eighty miles an hour. But the Virginian plover does better than that. It goes in

one single flight from Labrador, where it is bred, to Northern Brazil, where it winters, making a speed of two hundred and twelve miles per hour. It might touch at Bermuda and the West Indies, but it does not. Instead flocks are repeatedly seen from shipboard at a point four hundred miles east of the Bermudas. These birds make the trip in August much as a Boston business man takes the train for the Cape after his day's work is done. It would seem to mean little more to the birds.

As a matter of fact it does, of course, mean vastly more to them. The migratory instinct greatly augments the power of flight in all birds, else none of them would reach their journey's end, but, for all that, only the most robust and the most fortunate survive the trip. The remainder simply drop into the sea and disappear. All observers of migration agree that the sea which must be crossed takes great toll of life, and even these strong-winged, swift-flying plover may not escape. Nor does the bird that lingers along, feeding and resting by the way, escape multiple dangers of the trail. Predatory hawks, owls, animals, and man, all realize that shore birds are as fine food as there is, and hunt them continually. They need all their great powers of flight to escape. Cripples are common where one has a chance to look the flocks over at close quarters.

THE RISING OF THE FLOCK.

Right at my feet a flock of semi-palmated sandpipers ran busily along, feeding and twittering to one another. But one of them did not run. He hopped instead, though he kept up with the flock, and, instead of twittering, he grumbled. I could note the difference in tone right away, though I did not surely locate it until the flock suddenly flew, leaving him behind. Then I saw that one leg was crumpled up close to his body, and he did all his hopping on the other. After the flock was gone he still hopped and grumbled on, feeding industriously and presently taking wing as swiftly as any.

A moment after along came a summer yellowlegs, limping in most curious fashion, one of his legs seemingly jointed the wrong way. Lastly I saw out on one of the little islands, surrounded by sitting terns and various shore birds running rapidly about and feeding, a greater yellowlegs stretched out on his belly on the mud, but as if resting head up. By and by a sandpiper came along and ran right over his head, whereupon he got up with some difficulty and flew, showing me plainly one of his yellow legs dangling. All these I fancy had escaped death by shotguns, only by the crippling ot a limb; and I could but rejoice that they had reached the pond of refuge where at least they are safe from more shotguns.

An American golden-eye duck all this time played and fed in the middle of the little pond, not minding my prowling in the least. A flock of six black ducks swung over the marsh, and other flocks of shore-birds went by without lighting, one of which I took to be of beetle-head plover by their flight and their looking so black from below. Over on the marsh a flock of prairie-horned larks twittered and fed and flew among the rosemary, and every moment there was a shift in the thousands of wild birds in and about the pond that made the very sight of them a new delight. On a barn near by were the mud nests of cliff swallows, and they and barn swallows filled the air with swift wings when the shore birds were not in flight. Along the topmost wire of the fence were rows of tree and bank swallows, sitting close for long distances. Crows flew over: a marsh hawk harried the hill. But always the greatest sight was the sudden rising of a flock of shore birds, as happened every little while,—hundreds of them moved by one desire, swirling in swiftest flight, showing dark backs or, turning, again, white bellies, all acting as one bird. Sometimes a great flock would dart back and forth that way half a dozen times, only to light again within their haven of safety.

The owner of the little pond, in thus keeping it free from all molestation, does a fine thing, not only for the shore birds, which no doubt call him blessed every time they rise up, but for all who love to watch these shy and beautiful creatures at their ease. Let us hope the arrangement will long continue.—*Winthrop Packard, in the Boston Transcript.*

NOBLE LIVES.

VII.

OCTAVIA HILL.

(Continued from October number.)

ENCOURAGED TO SELF-HELP.

One of these letters contains the following: "Each block is intrusted to a volunteer worker, who has the duty of collecting rents, superintends cleaning, keeps accounts, advises as to repairs and improvements and choice of tenants, and renders all personal help that can be given to tenants without destroying independence, such as helping them to find work, telling them of good

trades to which to bring up their children, collecting their savings, supplying them with flowers, teaching them to grow plants, telling them of provident dispensaries, of good schools, arranging happy amusements for them, and in every way helping them to help themselves." In another letter she wrote: "The main tone of action must be severe. There is much of rebuke and repression needed, although a deep and silent undercurrent of sympathy may flow beneath. If the rent is not ready, notice to quit must be served. The money is then almost always paid, when the notice is, of course, withdrawn. Besides this inexorable demand for rent (never to be relaxed without entailing cumulative evil on the defaulter, and setting a bad example, too readily to be followed by others) there must be a perpetual crusade carried on against small evils."

These extracts show that she had no delusions as to the natural tendencies of those whom poverty has degraded. "The people's houses are bad," she wrote, "partly because the tenants' habits and lives are what they are. Transplant them to-morrow to healthy and commodious homes, and they will pollute and destroy them." It was the necessity of intimate personal relationship between landlord and tenant on which she laid stress. Municipal housing has so often been a costly failure because of the absence of the personal factor; and, the more highly organized charities and reforms are, the less room is there for its operation. Therefore Miss Hill formed no society for carrying on the work. She deprecated such a course. "Societies cannot create a spirit," she said.

Miss Hill's philanthropic efforts were not confined to tenement-house reform. She did important work in the Charity Organization Society, created to prevent the overlapping of local effort; served with distinction on the Royal Commission on the Poor Laws and the Relief of Distress, and was a valued member of the executive committee of the Women's University Settlement. She was also a prime mover in the Kyrle Society, from which developed Lord Meath's Metropolitan Gardens Association and the Commons Preservation Society. She, more than any one else, was responsible for the achievements of the National Trust for Preserving Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty.

SAVING THE PEOPLE'S INHERITANCE.

For the people of the towns and cities she procured open spaces of easy access from the many-storied streets. She caused flower gardens to spring up in the most unexpected places. Disused burial grounds were opened to the children for play, and seats were provided there for the use of tired men and women,—"open-air sitting-rooms." She believed that fields and streams, trees and rocks, hilltops and sunlight and bird song are the natural inheritance of all the people, and she secured for them as much of that inheritance as possible. For the poor of London she saved Parliament Hill Fields, Postman's Park and Mariner's Hill. All this was in keeping with her philosophy of joy and beauty. In an article for the *Nineteenth Century* she wrote: "For the inhabitants of our towns we have darkened the blue of their sky with smoke, we have raised the walls of workhouse, factory, and block, building so high that they cannot see the sun rise and set, nor the company of bright clouds that gather round his uprising, happy if through the long summer day a single ray of his beams reaches their rooms. The opening gold of the crocus is not for them, nor the crimson of the autumn woods. Dress is dingy, its forms ugly, dirt and squalor prevail around them, the noises of the street have no melody, the sights they see are degrading. And yet there is, in the child of the worst courts, a capacity of joy, simple human joy, were it but in one bright color."

Not only to these who have no country seat, no deer park, no yacht, did she give her thought and time. Many a historic building and bit of charming scenery far away from the towns and cities owes its preservation to Miss Hill, and many a memorial to some man or event of the great past of England has been erected through her efforts. And the funds required for the various projects came from a public which had learned to place unbounded confidence in Miss Hill's sobriety of judgment, knowing that her enthusiasm was accompanied by calm, inflexible reason, that while no ideal was too high to be beyond the range of her thought, no detail was too dull or too exacting to be neglected by her; and money was often given her with only general directions as to its disposition, its particular use being left to her discretion. Thus it was that Miss Hill accomplished so much in philanthropy without funds of her own.

DEEDS WHOSE INFLUENCE PERSISTS.

Of late years the housing of the poor has assumed proportions far greater than either Miss Hill or John Ruskin could have contemplated when they started joint opera-

tions as social reformers. But the effect of their writings and of the success of Miss Hill's scheme is apparent in the work being done by private companies, wealthy philanthropists and the London County Council. Moreover, the management of houses for the working classes will be carried on by many practical women trained by Miss Hill herself, and in the same wise way. It is to be remembered that Miss Hill taught the value of the personal factor in the solution of the problem of housing the poor. Her operations were somewhat limited, but they were successful and furnished an example of what might be done by a wise and conscientious landlord.

Here was a reformer who voiced no divine rage, offered no panacea for social evils, shunned fuss and show, and disliked speaking in public. Her work was the reverse of grandiose. Practical common sense and business capacity made the experiment successful and won the confidence of the nation. Earnestness, sincerity, and concentration characterized her activities. She had breadth of view. Her interests were catholic. Her abilities were not closely limited. She had the gift of fine literary expression, revealed in magazine articles and in her books ("Homes of the London Poor," 1875; "Open Spaces," 1877; "Our Common Land," 1878). In conversation she was charming. She numbered her friends among all sorts and conditions of people.

During the last months of her life, while she was in failing health, she lived in a cottage at Toy's Hill, near London, and commanding a beautiful view of river, sky, and mountain. Until the end she was planning and delegating her public and philanthropic tasks to capable successors. Undoubtedly the death of her sister Miranda, two years ago, hastened her decline, for to her family affection was the very soul of life.—*Raymond G. Fuller.*

WHY GO TO CHURCH?

There are people who are in the habit of wandering from church to church, as the rumor of fine preaching or excellent music may lead, or as the mere desire for variety may impel. This is a vast deal better than not going to church at all; and we ministers are only too happy to have the attention of a living soul, if only for a single time. Yet have these people appreciated what churches are for,—churches that have been erected in the name of him whose motto was, "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister"? Surely, they are not intended to be used solely for what one can get out of them, powerful as they are as instrumentalities of spiritual culture. They have a larger, nobler use, which appears when people have added to their natural desire for personal improvement and enjoyment (which is at the best nothing but the desire to be ministered unto), the outlooking motive of an intention to do good as well as to receive it. The only motive for church attendance which will keep up an unabated interest in it is the resolution that one will use his church as an agency for accomplishing good in the world. If you have the distinct desire to *minister*, as a stronger motive in you than the wish to be ministered unto, at church, then you will find that you can carry it out best by regular attendance at one place, among the friends upon whose seconding you can count for every good endeavor, and under the theological conceptions which ring always true to your personal convictions. If you are after culture, you will demand variety and grow lukewarm if it do not appear. If you are after service, after God's marching orders, after a chance to get your shoulder to the wheel, you will demand nothing, but will Sunday after Sunday go to your church as to a post of duty at which you can serve the world. Then will church-going become a giving more than it is a receiving. You will understand that every time you are in your place you are strengthening your church for the doing of its work, and proclaiming to all men that the things for which your church stands are your concerns, and that you, with the rest of your comrades in the service, are offering them to the world as its salvation from all moral ills.—*C. E. St. John.*

With our gratitude to the Unseen we shall not fail to blend our gratitude to all whose faithfulness has made rich for us the harvest of the year and the great harvest of the centuries; nor, thinking of these last, shall we forget how great a part was played, how grand a work was done, by those who, out of their poverty and loneliness, lifted up grateful hearts to God upon the first Thanksgiving Day in this New World.—*John W. Chadwick.*

More and more am I unwilling to make my gratitude to Him what is commonly called "a thanksgiving for mercies," for any benefits or blessings that are peculiar to myself or my friends, or, indeed, to any

man. Instead of this, I would have it to be gratitude for all that belongs to my life and being,—for joy and sorrow, for health and sickness, for success and disappointment, for virtue and for temptation, for life and death,—because I believe that all is meant for good.—*Orville Dewey.*

WINTER BOUGHS.

How tender and how slow, in sunset's cheer,
Far on the hill our quiet treetops fade!
A broidery of northern seaweed, laid
Long in a book, were scarce more fine and clear.
Frost, and sad light, and windless atmosphere
Have breathed on them, and of their frailties made
Beauty more sweet than summer's builded shade,
Whose green domes fall, to bring this wonder here.
O ye forgetting and outliving boughs,
With not a plume, gay in the jousts before,
Left for the Archer! so in evening's eye
So stilled, so lifted, let your lover die,
Let in the upper calm no voices rouse,
Stript, meek, withdrawn, against the heavenly door!

—*Louise Imogen Guiney.*

HOW A BEAUTIFUL HYMN WAS WRITTEN.

One day Mr. Wesley was sitting by an open window, looking out over the bright and beautiful fields. Presently a little bird, flitting about in the sunshine, attracted his attention. Just then a hawk came sweeping down toward the little bird. The poor thing, very much frightened, was darting here and there, trying to find some place of refuge. In the bright sunny air, in the leafy trees, or the green fields, there was no hiding place from the fierce grasp of the hawk. But seeing an open window and a man sitting by it, the bird flew, in its extremity, toward it, and with a beating heart and quivering wing found refuge in Mr. Wesley's bosom. He sheltered it from a threatening danger and saved it from a cruel death.

Mr. Wesley was at that time suffering from severe trials, and was feeling the need of refuge in his own time of trouble as much as did the trembling little bird that nestled so safely in his bosom. So he took up his pen and wrote that sweet hymn:—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the waves of trouble roll,
While the tempest still is high."

That prayer grew into one of the most beautiful hymns in our language, and multitudes of people, when in sorrow and danger, have found comfort while they have said or sung the last lines of that hymn.

A CHIVALROUS DOG.

A St. Bernard dog, which lives near Boston, proves a great comfort to a widow to whom he does not belong. Dogs usually confine their care to their own households, but this one, recognizing the unprotected state of the widow, who lives alone, extends his services to her house. She is afraid of tramps who pass her house on the way to Boston. The farmer who owns the dog, therefore, when he sees a suspicious character coming up the road, says to his dog:—

"Jack, go over to Mrs. H.'s and sit on her piazza till the tramp gets by."

Whereupon the dog runs over to Mrs. H.'s, posts himself at the door, and, if the tramp comes up the walk, steps forward and growls at him. As the dog is a big one and rather forbidding, though he has never been known to bite any one, the tramp, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, remembers that it is getting late and that he hasn't any time to fool away along the road. When he is well out of sight, the dog returns home.

The dog carries his gallantry to the same lady to such an extent that, when she is visiting his master's house of an evening, he always accompanies her home to the door of her house.—*New York Tribune.*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

A THANKSGIVING DINNER.

At the head of the table sits padrang,
And opposite, margdhornet dear,
While rafhet and rothem and byab
And Groer and Lonsen are near.

The kutyer is done to perfection,
With the brenrarcy-cause 'tis a treat;
And the vegetables are of the finest,
They are yelcer and ruptin and tebe.
We anxiously wait for the gipnudd,
Which comes with cause fit for a queen.
And the sipe, cimen and miknupp, soon follow,
With a glass of twese dicer between.

After this comes the nadcy and spalep,
The unst, sirnais, erspa, spearg, and such;
And margdhornet says 'tis a wonder
That stomachs so small hold so much.

When dinner is over, the children
Run out to the hay barn to play;
They will think many times through the winter
Of this dinner on Thanksgiving Day.

—*Youth's Companion.*

II.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

Famous men.—(Each number represents a corresponding letter in the alphabet).

10, 15, 8, 14—16, 1, 21, 12—10, 15, 14, 5, 19, an American naval officer.

7, 9, 21, 19, 5, 16, 16, 5—7, 1, 18, 9, 2, 1, 12, 4, 9, an Italian patriot.

3, 8, 1, 18, 12, 5, 19—18, 15, 2, 5, 18, 20—4, 1, 18, 23, 9, 14, an English writer on Natural History.

20, 8, 1, 4, 4, 5, 21, 19—11, 15, 19, 3, 9, 21, 19, 26, 11, 15, a Polish patriot.

2, 1, 18, 20, 15, 12, 15, 13, 5—5, 19, 20, 5, 2, 1, 14—13, 21, 18, 9, 12, 12, 15, a Spanish painter.

III.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1 . . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
2 . . . . . .
. . . . . .
. 3
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. 4

All the words contain the same number of letters when rightly guessed and written, one below the other, the path from 1 to 3 will spell the name of a President of the United States, and the path from 2 to 4 will also spell the name of a President of the United States.

1. The first Secretary of the Treasury.
2. A city in Georgia.
3. An English divine.
4. A dependency of Newfoundland.
5. An American general.
6. A noted Abolitionist.
7. A French general.
8. A Greek battlefield.
9. An English judge.
10. A famous battlefield.
11. A colonial governor of Massachusetts.
12. An English fop.
13. A Saxon king of England.

Answers to puzzles in the October number.

I. A SHAKESPERIAN ROMANCE.—1. Romeo and Juliet. 2. Midsummer-night's Dream. 3. As You Like it. 4. Merchant of Venice. 5. Twelfth Night. 6. Merry Wives of Windsor. 7. Hamlet. 8. Much Ado about Nothing. 9. Tempest. 10. Taming of the Shrew. 11. Measure for Measure. 12. Love's Labor's Lost. 13. A Comedy of Errors. 14. Julius Cæsar. 15. All's Well that Ends Well.

II. ACROSTIC.—

COLORADO
D**O**GBERRY
BU**L**GARIA
BE A**U**PORT
PYRA**M**IDS
KOTZE**B**US
CRACCH**U**S
HEBRIDE **S**=COLUMBUS.

III. CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.—1. Elizabeth Barrett Browning. 2. Robert Browning. 3. William Makepeace Thackeray. 4. John Keats. 5. Matthew Arnold.

IV. A SQUARE.—T A F T
A R E A
F E A R
T A R T

ERRATUM.—In the Acrostic in the October number, Number 2, "The Cup Bearer of Jupiter" was given by mistake instead of "A Character from Much Ado about Nothing."

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

HEREAFTER, ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS, INTENDED FOR THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, "THE CHAIRMAN, MRS. GEORGE G. SAVILLE, 25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS." THIS INCLUDES SUBSCRIPTIONS, CHANGES OF ADDRESS, REQUESTS FOR DISCONTINUANCE, BEGGING LETTERS RECEIVED BY MEMBERS OR BRANCHES.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The regular monthly meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange will be held Friday, November 1, at 10.30 A.M. at 25 Beacon Street, Boston. All interested are cordially invited to be present.

LIBRARY NOTICE.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Mrs. Walter G. Leith, 6 Ashton Place, Cambridge, Mass.

The Home Study Work of the Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to help those who wish to improve their education. Lessons will be given in all subjects which can be taught by correspondence, such as Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Algebra, all branches of English, History, Botany, Geography, Languages, Drawing, etc.

Requests for these lessons should be sent to Mrs. Annie F. Hudson, 5 Alveston Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

Please make checks payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

In sending subscriptions for the *Cheerful Letter*, address The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Subscriptions, 50 cents a year.

Chairman of Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. George G. Saville, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.